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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1903.

WEATHER BULLETIN.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—For lower Michigan: Fair, southeast winds, warmer in western and northern portions.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

There is reason for sincere regret that the University Extension society will be obliged to discontinue its efforts to maintain a course of lectures on educational subjects. The failure of the public to respond to the invitation of the society to attend the lectures of last season discourages the officers from repeating the experiment. Why the public declined to attend is not readily explainable. The lectures were infinitely more practical and instructive than those delivered by professional orators at high prices, and yet the public went to hear the orators. The lectures by Professor Adams on Railroads and Finance were treasures of solid information. Still those most needing such information paid their money to hear chestnut minstrel jokes and see short-skirted burlesque performers gyrate on their toes. The University lectures were too earnest and profound for the masses. They were intended to edify and educate. Therefore the public suspiciously absented itself from attendance. If it were possible to popularize a course of such lectures by legitimate methods it would be of incalculable benefit to those whose early education has been neglected. It cannot be done, however, except at great expense to the educated and enterprising gentleman who paid last year's deficit and therefore the project must be reluctantly abandoned.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

American literature, and more particularly that portion which has to do with historical narrative, has sustained a great loss in the death of the venerable Francis Parkman. Of the later historians, he was unquestionably one of the most versatile, scholarly—and above all—accurate. It is this characteristic which has given marked dignity and value to his work. Parkman possessed the rare faculty of being able to see things as they were. He took nothing for granted. Every essential fact in his narrative was verified by the most patient study and research. He possessed something of the brilliant diction of Macaulay without Macaulay's frequent disregard for facts. Better than that he did not sacrifice historical truth for rhetorical pyrotechnics. His scholarship was magnificent in its scope and wonderful in its accuracy. The months he spent in studying from practical observation the real life of the American Indians is but one illustration of his devotion to truth, even to the minutest details. While Parkman was undoubtedly a masterful writer of history yet he was hardly a historian in the same sense as Gibbon, Grote, Greene and Bancroft. He lacked the power of comprehending a country's history in its entirety. In particular subjects he has rarely been equalled; but his writings are prose etchings of specific events, perfect in their way, specifically accurate in every detail of art but limited in scope. For the reader who admires vivid pictures of particular portions of a nation's history, Francis Parkman's work has never been equaled in American or any other literature.

DEMOCRAT WEAKNESS.

Out from the depths of democracy, dismay comes the following confession of weakness from that captain of democratic champions the Detroit Free Press. The Free Press has no disguises—nor should the Democrats have to veil the success with which the republicans party met on Tuesday. "It is experience furnishes any guide they will probably achieve still more victories next year; for it is almost invariably happened that the elections of the second year of presidential administration have proven more or less disastrous to the administration." Read between the lines this item is a virtual admission that the democrats will lose the control of congress next year. The late election fully supports such an admission. The Free Press in making it discovers the inherent weakness of free trade as a popular policy. The "experience" of former "off years" has demonstrated that the people are quick to correct any mistakes made in the "on years." If no mistakes are made, no corrections are necessary. It has happened that in several campaigns state losses have arisen to prejudice national politics, and when such has been the case the results of a national election have been reversed the succeeding years. So far as these have affected the democratic party's success it is a significant fact that the soil south has been the most potent factor in bringing them about. In the history of the past thirty years there is no per-

son to be the result achieved last Tuesday. The democratic press concedes the fact by generalizations on "off years." If it were not an unusual and unprecedented reversal of a former verdict by the same jury, the democratic press would be quick to furnish comparisons. The Free Press is candid enough to admit that the next congress is likely to be republican. Its candor is refreshing evidence that it questions the inflexibility of free trade theories.

OATES' CHALLENGE.

Congressman Oates has sent a letter to the editor of the St. Louis Chronicle in which he takes occasion to remark with emphasis that the editor is either a fool or a liar, and if he is mistaken in this alternative then the editor is surely a jackass. This bit of congressional humor might be passed as a good joke on the St. Louis editor if the fire-eating southerner had not attached to it an unquestionable challenge to fight a duel. The editor will probably decline to treat the challenge as a serious matter. In fact he has already shown his lofty contempt for the author of the letter by making it public, to be spread broadcast to the people. No other action would stamp the editor the true American he is. In this country we are accorded free speech and we are not compelled or expected to answer for exercising that privilege, under the rules of the old-time "court of honor." If Oates desired to tell "the editor he is a jackass, or even to remark that he is a fool, or liar, or all three, he might have done so in a brutally offensive manner. But when he challenges to a duel, why he simply shows that he can be both a coward and a traitor to the laws he has sworn to uphold.

Last evening's midnight mail brought to this office the first copy of a new publication entitled, "The Industrial Union." The particular field which this new journalistic venture is intended to fill is problematical. The salutatory is silent on that point. With becoming modesty it announces:

"We enter the arena of journalism without asserting to ourselves pretensions warranting expectations of splendor or brilliancy. Duty to ourselves and mankind urges upon us the necessity of taking this course. There is something said about the value of 'Industrial Union Currency,' but what that currency is or who issues it does not appear. The paper is a four column folio and the title declares that it is 'Devoted to the Interest of Labor and Trade.' Here's to its success, anyhow; no matter what its peculiar mission may be.

When the "Old Liberty Bell" reached Philadelphia from its six-months' visit at the world's fair an occasion of great demonstration was made in its honor. The national guard, the fire department, the police department and all the schoolboys in the town combined in a monster procession to escort the treasure from the depot to the state house. Philadelphia turned itself outdoors for the day and gave the bell a grander ovation than was ever given a man. Now that it is back again it ought never to be removed for any purpose. It's the only real attraction Philadelphia possesses.

In the flush of victory the name of McKinley is advanced as the only logical one to head the republican presidential ticket in 1908. He is without doubt the most conspicuously eligible man in the country today, but the mutations of politics evolve unlooked for exigencies, and by 1908 a half-dozen other republicans may be equally as available as he. Michigan is the home of several sturdy protectionists and there are some pretty good republicans scattered about the other states.

ANNIE PIRLEY, who died in London Wednesday night, was one of the most beloved of American actresses. She rose to the zenith of dramatic fame from the rude civilization of Virginia City, Nevada, when every house was a miner's cabin. She was a typical representative of the American girl's pluck and perseverance.

Last night a Hocking Valley passenger train collided with a freight train and four persons were killed. A dense fog prevailed, but the cause of the wreck was due to a clash in the running orders of the trains. The fact that the fog was not to blame will afford great relief to railway managers.

Doctor Burrows and Henry Preserved Smith will read the resolutions adopted by the Cleveland conference and feel that they have not lived and fought in vain. The dawning of reason in the administration of church discipline and the interpretation of church doctrine is radiating the horizon with light.

It is believed that the people's party is about to be reassessed by democracy. The democracy ought to swallow something to fill the awful vacancy created last Tuesday.

Governor Rich appropriately postponed his Thanksgiving proclamation until after the size of McKinley's majority had been ascertained.

After thoughtfully weighing the matter for two days the Detroit democrats have about decided not to hold a grand justification meeting.

Nothing is more evident than that a "condition" and not a "theory" confronts us just at present.

DECLINE OF AN ART

Wilton Lackaye, the Leading Man of "Aristocracy."

ON THE FALL OF THE STAGE

He Explains Why Actors Are Out of Jobs and How the Public Craves for the Sensational.

"Do you know why there are more actors out of employment in New York than were ever before known?" asked Wilton Lackaye, the brilliant leading man of the "Aristocracy" company, in The Morton yesterday. "In nearly every company on the road there are at least four rotten English actors; for every quartet of these British barnstormers there are four good American actors out of a job. The American public bankers for foreign stage performers. Why, only the Almighty knows."

In his own original way Mr. Lackaye is something of a pessimist concerning the future of the drama. "The standard of modern plays is being lowered, unfortunately, rather than raised," said he. "Who is to blame? The public, to be sure. There is no actor on earth who would not prefer to appear in a good play rather than in a poor one. There is no manager on earth who would not take out a good play in preference to a poor one if he could obtain the same patronage. But managers and actors eat and wear clothes, and have habits that involve the expenditure of money. They cannot afford to produce Shakespearean plays solely for their health."

"There is a prevailing opinion that the farce comedies are sustained by the patronage of the lower, ignorant classes. It's wrong. The lower classes are the ones who furnish the receipts, and make the performances profitable. The lower crust of society has seen the same sketches, heard the same songs and jokes at the variety theatre. The boxes and the orchestra circle shriek with delight at the antics and quips of the farce comedians. The occupants of the gallery smile, satirically and say, 'You ought to hear Muggs and Murphy do that down at McSwaddler's theatre.' The fashionable theatre goers are the mainstay of the farce comedy. What are you going to do about it?"

Patrons to Blame.

"Why even Chauncey Depew said in a speech before the New York Players' club that he went to a theatre not to be instructed, but to be amused. Think of his telling that to a company of long-haired tragedians whose conversation was a symphony in prolonged 'r's! Yet he told the truth, and his views are the views of the average theatre patron. Any performance, no matter what it is, is as cultured and refined as its audience. That is an inexorable law of the Medes and Persians. This may not be a pleasant thing to say, but unfortunately it is the truth."

"While discussing this same thing once with Francis Wilson he made a particularly luminous remark which I have treasured. He said: 'My profession is not only my art; it is my living. You stand the stone wall of public ignorance. I may take my basket of eggs and throw the contents one by one at the wall. The result? I have no eggs, and the wall is as solid as ever. I rather do not do many things as I am doing, but I must do it to live.'"

"The newspapers have had much to do with the degradation of the theatre. Let me explain. In the halcyon days of Shakespearean plays there were but few books and these were costly. Men could not afford to buy them. So they went to the theatre for their recreation. They learned the lines of Shakespeare's masterpieces from the lips of the actors. Now every Sunday newspaper is a library. The stage has been robbed of its educational feature. The newspaper furnishes classically written book reviews, and criticisms, and the better written sometimes than the text itself. The business man reads his newspaper and he knows the doings of the whole world, the advancement in literature, science and art. Then he goes to the theatre to be entertained."

"It is a singular fact that Shakespeare cannot be profitably produced now, except at one night stands. Irving's work may be an exception, yet really it is not. His productions are the most finished and artistic ever conceived; but do you suppose the crowds are attracted to the theatre on that account? Not in the least. They are attracted to it because it is the correct thing to do, and because nobody in society can afford to say that he or she has not seen Henry Irving."

Aristocracy.

Plays that exalt rouses and the demi-monde live as their characters, briefly, and leave behind a memory which is sad. Vice is vice no matter the garb in which it masks and it is questionable whether the effect caused by dramas which deal wholly with it is good. Dumas deals with bad women; Howard with bad men—the American has been the more chivalrous.

The story of "Aristocracy," Bronson Howard's latest popular play, is as follows: Jefferson Stockton, a Californian, "seventy times a millionaire," rents the London house, family portraits and servants of the Marquis de Nonmordale for six months to introduce his young wife and young daughter into "the highest society." Prince Dumas, Virginia's lover and the beloved of Stuyvesant Lawrence, a son of one of the oldest New York families, the American aristocracy. The father of Lawrence boasts of his lineage and objects to the wedding. Stockton says no objection can be raised to his family as he has none. The lovers agree to wait a year until the ladies of the Stockton family returning home from a presentation to the queen. Virginia has learned that her lover was to be married that day in New York to another. She sends word to the king of the Princes, Emily von Holdeinswald of Vienna, one of the most infamous ruses of Europe. Emily loves Mrs. Stockton. Virginia shows a catalogue by Katherine Ten Brock Lawrence, sister of the man she loves, saying that the wedding of Stuyvesant is a trick to prevent an alliance, disastrous to the young man's parents and is a hoax. But Virginia is married.

The Stocktons returned to New York, and Act III shows a prince, a duke and a marquis as the line who have opened the portals of the 400 to the Californian. Mrs. Stockton improves her husband's lot to make a sudden business trip to Paris. The night that night, fearing Prince von Holdeinswald, but Stockton leaves. The friend of the prince, Duc De Vigny-Volante, tells him that he loves the prince's daughter, that she is all that is pure, noble, womanly and that as a Frenchman he tells his Austrian friend that

he's a brute for the treatment accorded his wife. A duel is arranged, to be fought when Emily can reach Paris. Mrs. Stockton is found by her son-in-law in the drawing-room, and he declares his love and is greeted by laughter. A moment later she is in his arms and—the bed rings. Stockton returns for some forgotten papers. His wife makes clear what has happened. Her husband and his son-in-law have a settlement. Emily ridicules the idea of Diana's virtue, and Stockton all but chokes him to death, his wife's appearance prevents. The play closes by the death of Emily from a sword-thrust given by the Duc De Vigny-Volante. Stockton and his wife are reunited and presumably Virginia weeps her heart's idol.

Mr. Howard may have taken his Stockton into a certain misanthropic wife who did force him into the highest society of Europe by such methods; but he never reached such a plane in America, nor attempted it. People from the west do not import pauper nobility from Europe by the shipload to enter New York society, and Mr. Howard attempted, as we have seen, to do so. In the third act the strongest and most improbable of an improbable and impossible play, Diana calls Emily a devil and says she knows him, having studied him for eight months. Mocking him, she falls into his embrace, as he breathes "the love of hell" upon her cheek. The situation before the death of Emily of womanliness she has just asserted. Of the cast there is nothing but praise. Al Lipman, as Prince Emil, and Josephine Hall, as Teddy Lawrence, carried away the honors. Wilton Lackaye was virtuous as Jefferson Stockton, and Miss M. Hampton, as Countess Major, of this city, was a sweet, womanly Virginia. Frederic Bond showed what an excellent actor by his art can make of a character part, that of the duo, Blanche Walsh was charming as Mrs. Stockton, and S. Miller Kent was disappointing as Stuyvesant Lawrence.

The audience tested the capacity of The Powers, and was the largest in the history of the house, save the last engagement of Sol Smith Russell.

Amusement Notes.
Yesterday morning at 9 o'clock there were over 100 persons in line waiting to reserve seats for the Custer guard, military and minstrel entertainment. About 800 seats were reserved yesterday. Companies B and H have reserved a section of nearly 100 seats in the center of the main floor and will attend in uniform. The rehearsal of the military portion of the entertainment last evening was very successful. There are a great many features that have never been seen in this city and the novelties are most unique. Lockerby hall will surely be filled next Monday night.

"She" one of A. V. Pearson's most successful productions, will be presented at The Grand next week, beginning Sunday night. When H. Elder Haggar gave his story to the world it created a stir in literature that no other book ever did. Those who have, or have not, read the story should see this great production. It is the first time it has ever been produced in magnificent splendor, having all the beautiful scenery and effects that were used at the world's fair production in Chicago.

Smith's theatre will be crowded at every performance next week. Rice and Barton, the king-pins of fun-making, will be here with the Rose Hill Folly company. There will be a matinee in the house today.

Another rehearsal for "Iolanthe" was held last evening in Prof. Pearson's studio. This pretty opera will be presented in Powers' next month.

HOTEL GOSSIP.

"There is a very funny story going in connection with Mr. Clifford, one of the Detroit municipal campaign," said E. B. Clark, traveling passenger agent of the Great Northern, in The Morton last night. "It is said that the esteemed democratic nominee decided Tuesday morning that he was the coming man of destiny. Of course the boys would wish to give him a rousing reception when the returns were all in, and he decided not to be taken unaware. So he had the carpets in the drawing rooms of his residence covered with canvas. The bric-a-brac and all portable furniture was removed from the reach of the unwashed and untrained. The good didn't come. There wasn't any occasion for it. Next morning the canvas was removed from the carpets and stored away. It's just as good as new, so they say."

"There are ten times as many shot guns in use as there were a decade ago," said Hugh Robertson of the American Shot & Lead company in The New Livingston yesterday. "That makes business for us. The average man takes a shot gun and goes out for a hunt when he wants a little recreation. For every shot that kills anything, nineteen are fired into the air. That enables us to furnish the lead for twenty shells, besides furnishing shot for the real hunter who kills the game. The city sportsman boys before going home."

Capt. J. C. Taylor of Iowa registered in The New Livingston last night, and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Just were guests in Sweet's. They were part of a large Iowa delegation that came to the city to attend "The Limited Mail" performance, in honor of Bingley Fales, a member of the company, who was formerly an Iowa boy.

Monk and Mme. Sioraine of Paris, France, were late arrivals in Sweet's last night. M. Sioraine was connected with one of the French exhibits at the world's fair.

Will Hine, day clerk in The New Livingston, left for Ohio yesterday for a month's vacation. Mrs. Hine accompanied him.

Aaron Clark of Caledonia, president of the Kent Fair society, was a guest in The New Livingston for dinner yesterday.

W. J. Lau, secretary and treasurer of the Manistee & Northern Railroad company, is registered in The Morton.
Morton—George Arthur Brown, Marquette; C. C. Moore, Shanty; S. S. Walker, Old Mission; William Smith, Eaton Rapids; H. E. Hoyt, Kalamazoo; S. W. Phillips, Jackson.
Sweet's—Mr. and Mrs. George D. Richards, Charlotte, A. R. Long, Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Smith, Nashville; Mrs. J. J. Richardson, Charlotte; Mr. and Mrs. Crapo, Mrs. C. L. Glasgow, Nashville.
New Livingston—John Crespe, Plainville; Archie McCoy, Hastings; W. J. Reed, Jackson; J. Cheselbrough, Freeport; M. H. Martin, Charlotte; A. L. Martin, Grand Haven.
Falls—E. M. Everts, Nashville; John Western, Detroit; W. H. Curtis, Morley; J. S. Boyden, Howell; W. Crispin, Petoskey; R. Turner, South Haven.
Bridge Street—J. W. Lued, East Troy; H. Nanger, Sullivan; W. F. Larn, Rockford; D. V. Wittenberg, Sparis; W. B. Hough, Spencer; N. M. Hodge, Middleville.
Clarendon—C. E. Alger, Bradley; B. G. Wing, Jackson; A. J. Ewing, Woodville; W. C. Hooker, Weyland; A. R. Frey, Lakeview; Thomas McDuffie, Woodville.

IT'S A GOOD PLAN

The Hon. C. W. Watkins Endorses Mr. Musselman's

SCHEME TO RELIEVE THE POOR

The Hon. J. W. Hayward Submits an Original Proposition on the Same Subject.

EDITOR OF THE HERALD: I have read with interest the communication of Mr. Musselman in THE HERALD of this date, and also what you have had to say in regard to making provisions for the necessities of our people the coming winter. I suppose every good citizen is in sympathy with the idea, but the question confronts us how best to do it. The outlook for the near future is certainly one that demands attention. According to the report of Factory Inspector Hints, over 5,000 wage-earners in this city are out of employment; many of these have families dependent upon them. It is fair to presume that their savings will soon be used up and they will be in a condition of actual want for the necessities of living. We should meet this condition before these people are compelled to take unusual action to provide for the necessities. People who are aided and out of employment must be fed. Both of the charitable institutions of this city are in financial straits; they cannot enlarge their benefactions. The Society of Organized Charities can perhaps be made the channel through which aid could be given, but they must have liberal contributions. The suggestion by Mr. Musselman is in the right line, with some modifications, such as making smaller districts—the voting precincts—with a thoroughly reliable non-partisan committee, who will investigate and report upon each case brought before them to a central committee or to the present association of Organized Charities.

There is no doubt but the worthy poor would prefer to work and earn the means of livelihood for themselves and families, but if there be no employment for these men other means must be provided. I believe the time is near at hand when the mayor will have to call a public meeting of the citizens to take action upon this matter. The men in this city who are able must go down in their pockets and make liberal contributions to relieve the wants of those whose industry has helped to make Grand Rapids what it is and enabled many of our people to accumulate "enough and to spare." Such a gathering should be representative enough in its character to devise ways and means to meet the serious condition which confronts us, relieve the wants of worthy poor and provide against the suffering of those men who have families who are willing to work, but cannot get employment.

If the city could legally provide for the wants of its citizens, that would be the proper solution of the question. Outside of that it should be done under a perfectly organized system.

MR. HAYWARD'S PLAN.

He Would Have the City Adopt Heroic Measures if Need Be.

EDITOR OF THE HERALD—I have watched in vain for some practical suggestion for providing for the unemployed labor in Grand Rapids. I asked the superintendent of one of our largest furniture factories how many men are idle in the city. His answer was, "From four to six thousand; there is more now than in September." Now these people are not objects of charity; each and every one of them have health. This truth is not in houses and lands nor bank stock, but it is in the source of all wealth—labor. Now, sir, I maintain it to be the duty of the municipality to see that labor within the corporate limits shall not suffer for the necessities of life because of its inability to exchange itself for such necessities. There are miles of streets needing improvement and the property owners are willing to pay for the improvements under the law. Let the city authorities commence these improvements and issue the necessary bonds to pay the bills; make the bonds of small denominations; pay them to the laborer every week, or every month. The laborer can buy with bonds, provisions, clothing, fuel and pay rent.

It may be urged against this plan that the merchants would not accept the bonds as such. Then let the city go to New York or Chicago and buy the goods, paying for them in bonds and issue the goods to the laborer at cost. I will gamble that the city of Grand Rapids can buy any and everything it wants with a 5 per cent bond in any market, and by so doing they can keep the laborer self-respecting and self-supporting instead of educating him to be a pauper. The workmen have an inalienable right to be supported at public expense.

Respectfully,
J. W. HAYWARD.

RULE OF RUIN ENDED.

The brave sons of freedom's land Have shown what they could do; On the hill of right they took their stand To fight their Waterloo. They bore the rule of ruin so long Till justice was suspended. They smote the foe men high and thigh Till the rule of ruin ended. Our laws were trampled in the mire Since justice was forgotten; To kindly rule they did aspire, They ignored the laws despised. That freedom oft defended; 'Twas rule or ruin, but now thank God The rule of ruin has ended. Each office sold for glittering gold, The white house did the selling; The senate took I much do fear Their plottings hours were swelling; The nation's eyes are opened wide Till right and truth are blended. And soon we'll smote the gallant Hoke For his rule of ruin has ended. They know our power we'll cause them cower, Their cohorts now must labor. They cannot live like lords or kings By plundering each poor neighbor. We'll guard our own and drive down, We'll have them all suspended From some high tree till we are free, When the rule of ruin has ended. Hurrah, hurrah, for freedom bold, Their pluck all trodden chords. They did not sell themselves for gold, For liberty they cherish. We'll soon be freed of Cleveland's greed; We'll have our rights defended. When all the ring from trees will swing And the rule of ruin has ended. —PATRICK M. CARTER, Michigan Soldiers' Home.

DON'T GET BIT

If you are ready to buy Clothing take in all the stores where they promise big things. Perhaps they'll sell you a fifty dollar suit for ten cents. But people who have investigated are filled with disappointment. "It's the same old story," they say. "Great cry and little wool."

HERE ARE FACTS!

SPECIAL SUIT OVERCOAT SALE

Beautiful Kersey and Cassimere all-Wool Overcoat, wool lined, same grade as others will try to sell at \$10 and \$12.00, OUR PRICE \$6.00 AND \$8.00. Chinchilla Storm Coats at an even \$3.25 each. We are looking for some house to duplicate them at \$8.00 and \$10.00.

Houseman Donnelly AND Jones

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It's the Little Things That Count.

Little Drops of water, Little grains of sand Make the mighty ocean And also the land. The little economies practiced each day, the little savings stored away are what eventually result in prosperity and happiness.

A Match Is Not Much to Save,

But when at the time of saving it you also save trouble and annoyance it is worth your while to save it. For these reasons we tell you of the

Magic Pocket Lighter.



A small, neat, durable and most useful invention for the use of every one. Pressure on the knob at the side of the lighter throws up the cover and ignites a wick into a flame not easily extinguished. Every one having reason to light matches in the open air knows the annoyance it is. All smokers need them. It is not safe to carry matches in the pocket, and you won't have to if you carry a Magic Pocket Lighter.

SOAP STONE GRIDDLES

Are in season. SOAP STONE FOOT WARMERS

Are likely to be any minute, and it is wise to procure when you can what you must sooner or later need. Sunshine never looks bright filtered through an unclean window, and these dirty days nothing yet invented is more useful in cleaning quickly and easily your windows than a Rubber Window Cleaner. We know whereof we speak, for we use and sell them.

FOSTER STEVENS & CO. MONROE ST.